

Fateful Outtakes

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Summary: Short drabbles/outtakes different characters throughout Fateful that didn't make the cut, plus extra scenes between Okita & Chizuru. Rated M for language and situations.

1. Heisuke's Love at First Sight

_A/n: As promised, drabbles. Fair warning, they are short little tid-bits from various characters in the story. :) Now, these are basically taken out of context of the events that happened and can be read as stand alone, but it won't make much sense unless you've read my other story Fateful. Readers, enjoy! (*Rated M for future scenes)

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><p>Fateful Outtakes

Drabble 1: Heisuke's Love at First Sight

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><p>"Get your ass in gear, runt!"<p>

Swiftly, Shinpachi's foot made contact with Heisuke's lower back as he shoved him along. Heisuke stumbled ungracefully into the door jab and glared over his shoulder. How many times in a day did Shinpachi's foot hit him? A better question would have definitely been how many times does Shinpachi piss him off?

Too many.

Heisuke flipped him off, sneering at his friend. "Asshole, watch it!" he grunted angrily. He straightened and huffed again, "And knock it off with the foot thing, Shinpachi. If I didn't know better, I'd say you had a foot up the ass fetish or some crazy shit..."

Sanosuke, the tallest of the two, tossed his head back and laughed. Shinpachi grunted a few swears and nudged him, but Sanosuke only waved him off. He furrowed his brows with annoyance and shot a heated glare in Heisuke's direction.

"You little fuck," he mumbled and Heisuke shrugged, jumping back quickly when Shinpachi made a move to hit him.

"It was funny, dude!" he shouted, chuckling slightly. "Get over it!"

Shinpachi rolled his eyes, "I'll get ya, runt." He raised a fist melodramatically and raised it in the air. "I swear to you that I'll get ya back."

Heisuke shrugged casually again. It wasn't the first time Shinpachi made such a proclamation like that, in fact, it was done nearly hundreds of times a day. It was part of their day to day banter, along with punching and other shit such rough housing.

Rolling his shoulders, Heisuke tipped his head back and sighed. His muscles were aching to relief some pent up stress in kendo. He had a test he was sure he did decent on, but throughout he was sweating it pretty bad. He wasn't a very good test taker.

Once inside the house, he kicked off his shoes and leaned upwards in a stretch when his eyes caught movement a few feet away. Instantly he was alert of the stranger standing in their foyer, staring at all the personal pictures lined against the wall.

A rather petite looking female stood slightly bent, a soft smile curving her friendly face and lighting up her brown eyes. She looked rather young from the side, but the way her jeans hugged her hips told him otherwise.

Normally Heisuke wasn't the type to straight out ogle girls like that, at least not sober, but he couldn't help being drawn to the faint smile on her face and the way her dark hair would occasionally slip from her side ponytail. If this was any other place but their house, he wouldn't have hesitated to walk over and introduce himself. If Heisuke wasn't around his friends, he would've definitely have approached her sooner.

But such a bold claim like that was easy for it to turn to embarrassment from the two loud mouths behind him. The thought seemed to jolt Heisuke from his slight off track thinking. What was a girl doing in their home? She seemed fraigle, but it could've been possible that she was there to join the kendo class they offered. They were always recruiting and trying to grow, there always seemed to be new people everyday.

The thought that he could possibly be seeing her more often made him smile and he couldn't help the excitement then. "Ooi, girl!" he called, startling her. She straightened immediately, her brown eyes widening even further and instantly sending his heart into over drive and shocking other parts of him awake.

The girl was definitely as short as he thought she was. A full head or so smaller than his slightly shorter heightâ€"compared to the abnormally tall guys he lived with. He considered his height normal,

the others didn't quite agree. Her hair swept perfectly to the side, bangs hovering just over her wide eyes.

Although she was small, she had curves that he could easily pick up on even though she didn't wear tight clothes—other than the jeans of course. Her overall look was innocent, a girl who wasn't trying hard to be pretty or sexy. She was a natural looker with the good girl-next-door beauty that was rare in females. Most girls he was used to wore so much make up it was like sleeping with and then waking up to someone completely different. One could never tell now-a-days.

But not her, no, she was very blatantly beautiful. There was no tricks on her face, or goop on her eyes, or shine on her lips. She was real, she was fresh faced and glowing.

And she was just his type.

Heisuke could honestly say that he never felt so strongly towards a stranger before. Never had he gotten an urge to get close to someone and never had his heart started racing like it was. Sure, he had crushes before, maybe once or twice convinced himself he was in "love" but never had he felt it like this. The way his palms were sweating and his voice could barely form correct words or even force them out of his mouth. Every thought that ran through his head seemed stupid or wrong or not enough...

He was sure that was what it felt like to be struck by cupid's fucking arrow. Heisuke was a hundred percent sure that he was in love with the nameless girl in front of him. Wasn't there songs about moments like the one he was in? He remembered a few and they all described what was happening to him so perfectly down to the sweaty palms, words dying on his lips, and his thoughts all muddled. It seemed cliché, but it was right.

Love at first sight.

He could only hope that she wasn't already spoken for. But he knew that even if she was, he'd fight for his chance because that was what he did. Heisuke Toudou never gives up. He could tell that this was the kind of girl that would be worth it, the kind you brought home to meet your mother. Definitely the type to marry and the real type who could complete someone.

Heisuke smiled. Love at first sight? He never believed in it before, but now as he watched this pretty little thing in front of him he was sure that it existed.

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><p>an: Read and Review, please! I really hope you're not too bummed about the length, but it is just a drabble. To make these last for all you wonderful fans, I'll probably upload a chapter a week. :) There are 14 short drabbles, three of those lemon. Hope you enjoyed and hope you will bare with me during this next couple weeks!
:D**

Drabbles.

**A/n: :) I'm happy to bring you another drabble for your enjoyment!
Thanks for the love! **

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><p>Fateful Outtakes

Drabble 2: Hijikata's Breakfast Club

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><p>He wasn't sure why he felt the need to hold detentions. Or why, when he did, did he schedule them on a Saturday morning? The coffee's scent filtered through his nose and he sighed longingly, waking and jogging alerting thoughts. Justice. That was why. None of the other teachers even cared as much as he did. Nor did they enforce their own rules as strictly as he did.

And other than the fact that he woke up earlier than usual on a Saturday morning, they were worth it. He never saw a studentâ€"one of his at leastâ€"twice in the detention room. He raised his gaze to the five different students all ranging from being tardy to being disruptive. One student sheepishly ducked their head to their desk when he caught his glance.

Hijikata smirked behind his travel mug before sipping his coffee. _Oh yes. Justice._ He had the reputation of being a mean and strict teacher, he had every right to be, knowing that once they realized how fair and knowledgeable he was it would make up for it. He was preparing them for the outside world, preparing them for what they were going to need to know.

Something he wished he learned earlier rather than later. He'd done everything he could in his power to extend his "help" to his housemates as wellâ€"they were practically family as well. Why shouldn't he try to impose his knowledge? For the most part, they listened. Though he did wish they would behave more often.

One student towards the back coughed loudly and he snapped his eyes to him, eyebrows furrowing. His face wasn't familiar and he guessed it was one of the often times random faces he happened to bust for something juvenile like throwing spit wads at the girls. What high schooler did that? If anything, the kid was cruising for a much needed detention.

Actually, now that he stared and remembered, the kid had given him a hard time about showing up. And yet, there he was, sitting in the back row, but still there. Hijikata quirked an eyebrow, he had troublemaker written all over his mischievous face.

As if on cue, the kid leaned forward and coughed again. Obnoxiously enough that it caught the others in the class and they chuckled. Hijikata had a way with troublemakersâ€"after all, he lived in a house full of them. Carefully, he set his coffee down and returned his hardened stare to the kid.

"Something on your mind?" he asked out loud, startling a few of the quieter students.

The kid grinned and stretched his arms out, "Yeah, I do." He straightened, "What's the point of this? None of the other teachers do detention but you. The 'Strict Mr. Hijikata.' What makes you so sure I won't cause trouble again?"

Hijikata smirked and the student's expression fell. Obviously, that wasn't the reaction he was expecting. "Because," He straightened and gave the student a leveled gaze that cut right across the room, "None of the other teachers are like me. Unlike them, I don'tâ€"and won'tâ€"take shit from a smart-ass kid. It's just the way I am. My methods you could say are...unconventional, but have proven worthy. I haven't seen the same face twice in my Saturday detentions."

The kid stared, stunned, most likely because of his swearing so easily. He didn't seem the type and secretly he loved shocking the trouble students when he did. They obviously thought him a prude. Abruptly, Hijikata shoved his chair back and walked around to the front of his desk. He leaned causally against it and crossed his arms.

"Any of you familiar with The Breakfast Club?" he asked, eyes skimming briefly over the students. Not one raised their hands and he softly shook his head. Kids. No respect for the classics... he thought warily. "Right. Well, there's a method to this. No one wants to spend their Saturday's at school, yet you all show up anyway. Why? Simply because a teacher told you? Or because, deep down, you know what you didâ€"no matter how smallâ€"needed consequences?"

He narrowed eyes on his students, "You think in the real world it'll be okay if you tell your boss 'I forgot' when it comes to an important presentation?" His eyes shifted to another student, "Or showing up late everyday will be okay in the real world?" Hijikata tilted his head to the troublemaker in the back, his face blank but his eyes intent. "Or disrespecting fellow peers? That's called harassment, ladies and gentlemen. We're not too keen on it here at school either, but it's worse once you turn eighteen because in the eyes of the law you're an adult. Whether you live with your mommy and daddy or not."

Slowly, he returned to his seat and took another casual sip of his coffee. "So let me ask you this," he lowered his cup and folded his hands. "Would you rather give up your Saturday now, or then? Along with a lay off or worse...?"

The students stared back at him, slightly wide eyed but in awe at the same time. Surely, they've had someone in their life tell them something like this, right? But the stunned faces that stared at him, even the slight realization on the troublemakers face, made him think otherwise. They had probably blew it off when others told them, which was why Hijikata always pushed about approaching it a different way to make them listen.

Hijikata knew that half of his teens that he taught thought they were invincible, but the truth was, they weren't. He liked to be that slap to the face, the reality. They always thanked him later for it, because he was right. He was always right. Hijikata couldn't help the small smile that came to his face again. Not one student further disrupted detention.

He took another deep sip, "Justice." He mumbled softly.

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><p>An: Hope you enjoyed! :) Read and Review, you know I'm appreciative! **

3. SMUEOFK

**a/n: Drabble update. Enjoy! **

Note: Had to abbreviate the chapter in the drop down box, sadly! :(But, oh well! :)

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><p>Fateful Outtakes

Drabble 3: Saito's Most Unfortunate Encounter of the Female Kind

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><p>Put a kendo stick in his hands and he was ruthless. Give him a task and he completed it without fault. Hell, even put him in charge of rowdy teenagers and he could easily take it on. Overall, Saito was excellent. The perfect student, teacher, friend or whatever he needed to be. There was hardly anything that Saito couldn't do, or couldn't_ learn_ to do.

It was a trait that many were envious of. But the one damned thing he couldn't do was talk to a lovely female. Of any kind. Whether demure by nature or even wily saucy one that was clearly just aiming for one thing. It was a miracle in itself if he could keep from just staring like an idiot or keep from babbling on like one. He wasn't really quite sure what it was about females that made him..._awkward_ when he was really anything but.

Saito knew he was a good looking guyâ€"as the guys usually gave him shit for it, not that they were ones to talk, so it wasn't a self-esteem issue. Hell, it wasn't even a confidence issue since he's had his taste of women every now and then, but he had to admit. The times he did, it was mostly due to him being silent. Women, he guessed, liked the silent brooding type.

He really didn't think he was that, necessarily. But he did admit that he was quiet a lot of the time, was it _his_ fault he liked to observe? Saito could normally judge a person's demeanor by doing so. People, whether they realized it or not, did a lot of obvious things that reflected their character. For instance, when he first met Chizuru he could tell she was a kind hearted soul with an infatuation of Okita. He caught it before anyone else did. The moment he watched her blush due to Okita's comments and he knew. It was almost a shame.

Now there were a few exceptions to his whole...ordeal. None of them at all helpful or, healthy, in a sense. One way he found he wasn't easily flustered around women was when he was surrounded by his friends. That was mostly because, well, the majority of them were

loud mouthed crass people who did all the talking for him. Never once did he have to utter a single thing other than his name to have a female interested.

Another was getting drunkâ€”which normally wasn't even him half the time. Once again, all the credit went to his wayward friends who liked to continually push bottle after bottle, or shot after shot for any body and every body. Saito wasn't one to go overboard easily, but he found himself many a time, drunk and he found it a hundred times easier to talk to ladies. And they didn't seem to mind his rambling, but in that state of mind did it really matter?

Not if he still was able to perform.

Saito stared passively around him, the night was young and the bar was hopping, practically bursting at the seam. He furrowed his brow, his personal space was already being invaded by unwelcomed bumps and passes. Why did the others enjoy this so much? It was far too loud, but he wasn't one to normally complain.

This night was for Okita, to celebrate his release from the Hospitalâ€”not that he agreed on his choice, but rarely did Okita do the right thing. Hijikata had been, adamantly, saying over and over that this was a bad idea for him. But like always, Okita brushed it off. And like Saito, once the alcohol consumption began, everything started to be okay.

Both him and Hijikata didn't even make it to the bar before two ladies crossed their path, already baring them a beer as if they were waiting for them. The thought unsettled Saito, since he was always in control. Politely he accepted the drink and in doing so, the woman thought he was accepting other things.

Quickly, she hooked her arm through his, pressed her body close to his side and started to lead him towards a table. He tried hard to keep his composure, after all, she was a female and he was in no immediate danger. But still. He was gravely unsettled.

Luckily, she talked. And talked, and talked. Honestly, he couldn't even hear half of the things she was saying but when she laughed he politely did so as well. In between the laughs, he would nod at the appropriate times and take deep swigs the rest of the time. Really, how long could one girl talk about herself for?

She didn't seem vain, but the dim lights made it hard to tell her true character. Occasionally she'd put her hands on him, would lean in closer and/or would rather boldly push up against him with no sense of privacy. Saito felt his face flush and he tipped his head in the other direction. It's not that he wasn't tempted, but how does someone react to that?

His eyes swept around the area, trying to find his way out without exactly offending the woman next to him. She didn't seem to notice his wandering eyes, not that he was trying to hide it. In this instance, when Saito wanted out, he had a certain distress callâ€”one that Hijikata always seemed to receive. Except, this time, Hijikata wasn't anywhere in his line of vision.

In fact, now that he searched, none of his friends were. His eyes landed at the bar and he noticed Chizuru, her head tossed back with a

shot glass pressed to her lips. Saito completely forgot about wanting to avoid the girl next to him, his curiosity spiking. Now why would Chizuru be doing shots...? Earlier, from what he had briefly seen, she seemed a little out of sorts.

Saito watched another glass get picked up and he stood up, this time he did hear the girl next to him but he choose to ignore her. He didn't normally act so rude, but something didn't sit right with him. As he got closer to Chizuru, he noticed another girl much like the one he had been talking to taking shots of her own. Males seemed to notice the whole ordeal, probably thinking how lucky it would be to get with any one of them after they were done. Nothing rang easier than a series of shots.

His eyes scanned the area again. Okita was nowhere to be seen. Saito sighed as he wondered where the heck he could've disappeared to. Glancing back at the table he sat at, he noticed the girl still sat there, her eyes glued to him. His choice was clear, go find Okita and let him know what was happening or go back to the table with the girl whose name he didn't hear.

The choice was obvious...at least it was to him.

Girls never were his strong suit.

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><p>An: Poor Saito. Love him. :) Read and review!
Thanks!**

End
file.